

## THE CONDITION IN MEXICO.

"Silver is a rich man's money—that's my experience in Mexico."

The speaker was a well built man of middle age or slightly past, with a complexion which gave evidence of exposure to the sun. He spoke in a quiet tone, but in a voice which was decidedly positive. A news reporter drew his chair nearer to the cloud of smoke which hovered over the little party gathered in the office of the Grand hotel and was introduced to the speaker, who proved to be Captain F. A. Hyatt, a river and harbor contractor well known in the southwest. He has had five or six contracts at Sabine Pass in the last few years and also helped build the harbor at Tampico, Mexico. He came to Galveston from the City of Mexico a few days ago and, fresh from the land of silver, was being eagerly questioned by a little coterie of friends.

"I believe I heard you say that silver was a rich man's money?" half queried the reporter.

"Yes, sir," replied the captain, "that is my experience in the Mexican republic. The conditions in Mexico are very favorable for capital, but God help the moneyless man who goes down there as a wage earner. Several things now contribute to the prosperity of Mexico, but the foremost is the fact that they now have a stable government. Capital is going in there from all points of the world to develop her resources."

"You say stable government. What do you mean by that?"

"Why they used to have in the neighborhood of 100 revolutions a minute down there. Under Diaz, however, they are now peaceable and are developing their country by encouraging home industry through a high protective tariff. Capitalists are therefore willing to risk their money in permanent investments."

"If a silver country is so prosperous

told me that on an expenditure of \$22,000 he put out \$356,000 worth of silver. The highest wages paid silver miners is \$1 per day for experts. The average price is 50 cents per day. This is in the northern part of Mexico, where improved machinery is to be found in the mines.

"In the City of Mexico I found the best stone and brick masons getting \$1 for a day of twelve hours, and they have the finest sort of workmen down there in that line."

"Not one in ten among the laboring-men sleeps on a bed. There is a duty of \$11 on a \$5 mattress."

Captain Hyatt employed 1,500 men at Tampico for several months and is in a position to know what he is talking about. During that particular period, which was in about 1891, silver went up to 92 cents owing to legislation in the United States, but declined before he completed his contract, and he made his profit on the decline. The fluctuating currency made contract work quite a speculation.

"How about board in Mexico?" was asked.

"The Mexican government has sold one hundred millions in gold bonds, but is now issuing all its bonds in silver and on a silver basis. Five per cent thirty-year bonds now bring 75 cents. At one time they were up to 85 cents. Why they have fallen I do not know."

"The Mexican government is holding a high protective tariff partly for revenue and partly to encourage manufacturing in their own country. A concession which was recently granted shows the progressive spirit of the government, and I am glad to say that I had something to do with it. Any head of a family going into Mexico who takes with him \$500 or over in Mexican money can take all his farming implements,

be worth just what the silver dollar is worth. But we are told by the Bryanites that we will have both gold and silver in circulation under free coinage. This is simply an assertion without a particle of proof. They do not refer to past history to sustain this assertion. There is a good reason for not doing it, for history does not furnish such proof. Eighty-one years of free coinage in this country has proven that both metals will not circulate side by side. We had silver monometallism from 1792 to 1834 and gold monometallism from 1834 to 1873—because the silver in a silver dollar was worth less than the gold in a gold dollar from 1792 to 1834 and because the gold in the gold dollar was worth less 1834 to 1873 than the silver in a silver dollar, the cheapest dollar in each case being the only money in circulation. With all this past experience, with the experience of the world against gold and silver circulating side by side under free and unlimited coinage, the Bryanites assert that the impossible will happen. Do you believe the best interests of the people of this country demands that we should adopt this wild theory, that experience for hundreds of years past has proven to be absolutely false? Do you want to debase our currency, destroy the credit of this great nation, and take a backward step instead of going forward to greater prosperity and civilization? If you do not, then vote for McKinley, protection and reciprocity.—Benton (Ill.) Republican.

Bryan Buttons.

If the sale of campaign buttons is any criterion, it is safe to predict that this city will be overwhelmingly in favor of McKinley in November. In years gone by, the difference between the sales of republican and democratic buttons has been so slight as to be scarcely noticeable. This year it is different. "It hardly pays to keep the Bryan ones," said a button vender when asked for a report of his sales. "Just watch the people come along now, and you'll see for yourself."

Just then a customer stopped in front of the little easel on which the buttons were displayed and began making

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"GOSPEL FARMING" SUBJECT OF SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE.

From the Text "I am the True Vine and My Father is the Husbandman"—John XV: 1—Plowing and Sowing that We May Reap the Good Things of Life.



of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the country. We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the center of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle aside, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands, and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's sermon on the Mount you could see the full-blown lilies and the glossy back of the crow's wing as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we find him plowing with twelve yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every inhabitant a certain portion of land; that land, if cultivated, ever after to be his own possession. Just as in Nebraska the United States Government on payment of \$16 years ago gave pre-emption right to 160 acres to any man who would settle there and cultivate the soil.

All classes of people were expected to cultivate ground except ministers of religion. It was supposed that they would have their time entirely occupied with their own profession, although I am told that sometimes ministers do plunge so deeply into worldlyness that they remind one of what Thomas Fraser said in regard to a man in his day who preached very well, but lived very ill: "When he is out of the pulpit, it is a pity he should ever go into it, and when he is in the pulpit it is a pity he should ever come out of it."

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and barley, and cotton, and flax, and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. Pliny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it between three and four hundred ears. The rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted, Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and he turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever he will."

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when he says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou camest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very independent, but some time in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a hook in his nose.

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and the unmanageable. The vast majority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institutions comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."

There were large amounts of property invested in cattle. The Moabites paid 100,000 sheep as an annual tax. Job had 7,000 sheep, 3,000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and music. The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel and thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have trodden the wine press alone."

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. A government is strong in proportion as it

is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Works and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country—larger harvests than have ever before been gathered—I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul—all these sacred writers making use of that analogy.

In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plow-share turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field." The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crop had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming, and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness.

When I was a boy I plowed a field with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the soil without turning it, but I did not jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said: "Why, this will never do; this isn't plowed deep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the beam.

My word is to all Sabbath school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep!

And if in your own personal experience you are apt to take a lenient view of the sinful side of your nature, put down into your soul the ten commandments which reveal the holiness of God, and that sharp and glittering coulters will turn up your soul to the deepest depths. If a man preaches to you that you are only a little out of order by reason of sin and that you need only a little fixing-up, he deceives! You have suffered an appalling injury by reason of sin. There are quick poisons and slow poisons, but the druggist could give you one drop that could kill the body. And sin is like that drug; so virulent, so poisonous, so fatal that one drop is enough to kill the soul.

Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. Broken heart or no religion. Broken soil or no harvest. Why was it that David and the jailer and the publican and Paul made such ado about their sins? Had they lost their senses? No. The plow-share struck them. Conviction turned up a great many things that were forgotten. As a farmer plowing sometimes turns up the skeleton of a man or the anatomy of a monster long ago buried, so the plow-share of conviction turns up the ghastly skeletons of sins long ago entombed. Geologists never brought up from the depths of the mountain mightier ichthyosaurs or megatherium.

But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing, the repentance that ends in nothing? Men groan over their sins, but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crooked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the field. It is other end of the field. We kept our eye that you will make a straight furrow. Losing sight of it you will make a crooked furrow. Plow up to the Cross. Aim not at either end of the horizontal piece of the Cross, but at the upright piece, at the center of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross!

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh, no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. You are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters, and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual

joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been reaping over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round about over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul, turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your sickle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, your black spectacles. Pull up the corners of your mouth as far as you pull them down. To the fields! Reap! Reap!

Again, I remark, in grace as in farming there is a time for threshing. I tell you bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer with a flail beats the wheat out of the straw, so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stroke of the flail, and the sick-bed is the threshing-floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. An aged man has fallen asleep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a pleasant good-bye to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail-trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandfather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw, that is all.

The Savior folds a lamb in his bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys were scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosanna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower for the Savior's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders. "Dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and woke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents, said, "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day; 'Twas an angel that visited the earth And took the flower away.

So may it be with us when our work is all done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.

Where is the garner? Need I tell you? Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yes, from your own family, that you have had your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away; their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after awhile the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves away to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no farther, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then, with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; then they were unharnessed, and forlunk after forlunk of grain fell into the mow. O my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull, but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the door of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul away to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle, until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! Harvest home!"

Ancient Egyptian Cloth.

The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs to-day can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

MR. BRYAN—"WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS HELP?"



I suppose you are a free silver man?" "Not on your life," came the reply so quietly that the reporter was staggered for a minute. "Let me explain," he continued. "Last year over 55,000,000 ounces of silver were mined in Mexico, but a large proportion was shipped in bullion and sold in foreign countries for gold. The government imposes a tax of 4 1/2 per cent on all silver mined, that is, 4 1/2 per cent of the output of Mexican mines goes to the government. After this 4 1/2 per cent is paid, coinage is free at the Mexican mints, but the bullion is now worth more than the silver after it is coined."

"The decrease in the price of silver has not perceptibly changed wages in Mexico, so you see it is the laborer who pays for this reduction. He gets the same number of dollars and cents, but the purchasing power of these dollars and cents has visibly decreased. The profit on all products raised for sale in foreign countries is greater than before by reason of the labor which produces it being paid for in silver, while the product is sold for gold. Do you see the point? It is this difference between the cost of the labor in silver and the return from the foreign market in gold that puts money in the pocket of the capitalist."

"Now see how the wage earner is affected when it comes to imports; an article is imported by a merchant at a cost of say \$1 in gold. That article sells for \$2 in silver plus the profit which the dealer puts upon it as his commission for the handling. The wage earner thus pays double what he would pay were he receiving his salary on a gold basis."

"And wages—how do they compare with wages in the United States?"

"Well, the common day laborer gets from 35 to 50 cents per day in silver. On many of the haciendas or sugar plantations the pay is 25 cents per day and the laborers feed themselves. The foreman or manager of a sugar plantation not far from Galveston gets \$225 per month on a gold basis. I was on a hacienda of exactly the same size in Mexico where the foreman has 300 men under him and he received 75 cents a day on a silver basis—this when 75 cents in silver is required per pound for ham and when bacon sells for 55 cents per pound. Why, I took a meal with an American holding a responsible position down there and when his wife served me with ham and eggs she commented on the fact that she was giving me a great luxury for Mexico."

"Did you see anything of silver mining down there?"

"A little. Talked with an American superintendent of a silver mine. He

household goods and stock for his farm free of duty, and he will be exempted from state and federal taxation for ten years. The object of the concession is to get American farmers down there who will teach the people of Mexico to farm."

"To what do you attribute the so-called prosperity of Mexico?"

"It is due to the liberal inducements to foreign capital and to giving them an assurance of good profit at the expense of labor. Silver is a speculative commodity. It is the rich man's money because the wage earner can never get enough of it to speculate with."—Galveston News.

## THE SITUATION.

Labor is one of the best measures of value. From 1860 to the panic (democratic free trade panic) of 1893 wages in this country have advanced 58 per cent and their purchasing power about 72 per cent as measured by a gold basis. If gold has advanced as claimed by the Bryanites, one hundred per cent, then wages have advanced one hundred and fifty-eight per cent. Gold has not advanced. It has been more stable than any other commodity. It is the best money metal the world has ever produced. All the leading nations of the world have so declared.

The people have been solving the money question for over 600 years and they have settled it in favor of gold as the basis, because two metals cannot be used at the same time, and gold is preferable to silver because the people prefer it, and they prefer it because its value fluctuates less than silver, because it is over thirty-two times lighter than silver and therefore thirty-two times more convenient than silver as a basic metal. To change this you must change the minds of the people of the leading nations of the earth, and that is a bigger job than the Bryanites can possibly perform. With gold as the standard we can use a large amount of silver, as we are now doing and make them both circulate side by side as they are now doing and as they will continue to do under our present financial system which the republican party is pledged to maintain.

With silver as the basis, we could use no gold, as the history of all nations prove, and our silver dollars of 412 1/2 grains standard silver would have a purchasing power according to the present market on silver of about \$6.12 cents and all paper based thereon, as all paper money would be based on silver if that was the standard, would

an examination of the different varieties.

"That's the one for me," he said, dropping a nickel in the vender's hand and picking out the little American flag which is seen in so many button-holes.

Shortly after another purchaser sauntered up and picked out a gold bug.

"That's the way they go," the vender continued. "I haven't sold a Bryan button to-day. Generally I sell ten McKinleys to one Bryan."

"What's this the emblem of?" asked a man who had just stepped up. The button at which he pointed had a large rose painted on it. The salesman gave one short glance at the questioner, and then said: "That Oh, that's the Prohibition emblem."

"That's my button," said the man. And he bought it on the spot.

"I only said that," the button man continued, "because I wanted to make a sale. The button he bought just now really means that the owner's on the fence. It'll just suit a Prohibitionist. Doesn't pay to keep their buttons."

The button business has been profitable this year because of the recent craze for the motto buttons. This, to all appearances, is dying out, and the venders are looking forward to an increased sale of the campaign buttons. The favorite one of these seems to be the little flag, but the gold bug also comes in for a considerable share of popularity.—New York Sun (Dem.).

The Boomerang Man.

O, there was a little man For the Presidency ran, And his speeches they were very full of lead, lead, lead; And he took his little mouth Thro' the East and West and South, And he shot his little speeches from his head, head, head.

And the speeches made a hit, There is no denying it, For they flashed around the earth, they did, alack, lack, lack; And, returning, smote the man Who for lofty office ran, In the middle of his pretty little back, back, back.

And they took him to his tomb In the midst of awful gloom, And a deep and solemn dirge his party sang, sang, sang; And the world said, "There's no doubt He has knocked himself right out By his careless handling of his boom-harango, harango, harango!" —John Kendrick Bangs, in *Harpers Weekly*.